

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH THREE SUPPLEMENTS, SIXPENCE.



HILL STREET, BLOEMFONTEIN.

From a Photograph by W. A. Wright, Bloemfontein.



BLOEMFONTEIN, NOW COMMANDED BY GENERAL FRENCH'S FORCE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

My correspondents abroad continue to favour me with the vagaries of the Continental mind. A letter from St. Petersburg sounds a note of distress. The writer is a Russian barrister, who manfully champions the cause of England in a society which appears to be but poorly endowed with his good sense and good feeling. He is grieved to be told that the rank and file of the British Army are "despicable hirelings" sprung from the lowest classes, who enlist to escape starvation, are wholly insensible to patriotism, and, when in action, "jump at the first occasion to lay down their arms." One reflection on this impeachment is supplied by Russian history. It is a delicate point, no doubt, to raise in St. Petersburg; but has my correspondent asked his Anglophobe friends whether the British soldier who is eager to surrender was seen at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman? Was the charge of the Six Hundred a proof of his cautious regard for his own skin? Did Inkerman, "the soldiers' battle," in which the admirably planned Russian attack was repelled by the pluck and discipline of our troops, fighting hand to hand in the morning fog—did Inkerman give the Russian commanders a poor opinion of the British "hireling"?

The notion that a soldier is degraded by voluntary enlistment, and morally elevated by compulsory service, is the delusion of pure ignorance. How is the conscript, willing or unwilling, a jot more patriotic than the trooper who has his humble pay for wearing the Queen's uniform? Does the Russian peasant who is drafted to Central Asia take any more intelligent interest in the right and wrong of national glory than the Lancashire lad who is captured by the recruiting-sergeant? When a State has to feed and clothe its conscripts, it pays them in kind, if not in money; and if payment for military service robs it of its patriotism, why does the Russian officer accept a salary from his Government? Every man who serves his country in a civil or a military capacity has to be paid in one form or another; therefore, Tommy Atkins is no more a "hireling" than is a Minister of War. It is Tommy's business to fight, as it is the Minister's business to organise; and it is just as false and foolish to say that the one sheds his blood merely for the sake of his pittance as it would be to say that the other has no better motive than a desire for public money. Before the Continent declaims against hired military service it should look a little more closely into its own records. Were those European Sovereigns' "hirelings" who carried out Pitt's policy with the help of the English Exchequer?

Conscription is not a virtue, but a necessity. Would the countries which extol it submit to it if they were sea-girt as England is? She is, before all things, a maritime Power, and our chief strength lies in our Navy; but anyone who is decently acquainted with military history knows that the traditions of the British Army yield to none. A quaint comment on the Russian scorn of "hirelings" is furnished by a German writer, who has been telling his readers that our colonies were won by "German mercenaries." This is a somewhat exaggerated tribute to the Hanoverians and Hessians who fought under the Georges. They were excellent troops; but to say that they conquered India, drove the French out of Canada, and broke the power of Napoleon in Spain and at Waterloo would be as idle as to affirm that the Irish Brigade created the military ascendancy of Louis XIV. But I like the consistency of Germans who abuse the British Empire and then claim for "German mercenaries" the glory of having made it! There is, at any rate, a more agreeable humanity in this unwilling compliment to our prowess than was displayed by the German pastor in South Africa who wrote home that the Boer prisoners were barbarously maltreated by "those black Indian devils, hyenas, and monsters," the 5th and 9th Lancers. When the vivid imagination of a minister of the German gospel turns Tommy Atkins into a black man, my St. Petersburg correspondent need not be astonished at the inveterate prejudice of his Russian friends.

Ignorant strictures on the quality of our soldiers look pitiful enough beside the decoration of the Irish troops with the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and the decision to form a regiment of Irish Guards. The Queen's visit to Ireland will be a still more striking tribute to the valour of her Irish regiments, for there can be no question that their services in South Africa have prompted this admirable idea. Why the veto on the "wearing of the green" in the Army has been maintained so long is one of the mysteries of red tape. A few days before the change, a member of the House of Commons was solemnly assured by the authorities that they regarded this question about the shamrock as mischievous in the extreme. Imagine their feelings when they learned that the Queen had ordered the ban to be withdrawn! The Irish irreconcilables are even more staggered. An impulsive lady writes to the Dublin papers to say that the very humbleness of the shamrock ought to have protected it from the Queen, and that whereas it was a cruel wrong to forbid the Irish soldiers to wear this modest emblem of their nation, it is an "insult" to give them permission.

Worse still is the suggestion that the brutal English should wear the shamrock, and turn St. Patrick's Day into a carnival of triumphant tyranny. Never has the crafty perfidy of the Saxon hit upon so notable a device. What is to be done by Irishmen and Irishwomen who have hitherto kept the shamrock to themselves by industriously secluding its humbleness from public notice? The impulsive lady aforesaid advises them to dip it in ink, and preserve the murky stain until the "robber hordes" in South Africa have been finally conquered by the Boers. This is almost as heroic as the sacrifice by which Virginius saved young Virginia from the clutches of Appius Claudius. Can you see every patriotic Irishman going about with an inky shamrock and a bleeding heart? Something less extreme might meet the emergency. Why not reserve the ink-dipping for the ordinary purposes of inspired journalism? Why not ask Mr. George Moore to purify the shamrock from English contamination by putting it into a symbolic play? It is difficult to say all in a breath what is best to be done, for the Saxon manoeuvre has taken us by surprise. We are outflanked and scattered like the famous tea-party at Limerick, where the enemy—

Hired a gang of ruffins  
To interrupt the muffins,  
And the fragrance of the Congou upon Shannon shore.

There is another view which is surely obvious to any Irishman with a spark of his national humour and sentiment. Does the shamrock really lose its native grace and beauty when it is worn by an Englishman? Does it not rather become a symbol of the conquest of England by Ireland? The other day the phlegmatic Londoner was waving the Union Jack in passionate welcome to the Queen. All restraint of fashion and habit, all that gloomy reserve lamented by the foreigner, yielded to a spontaneous emotion that swept away the barriers of class, and blended all ranks and stations in homage and devotion. I can imagine the pride that swelled the aged Sovereign's heart in a spectacle the like of which has not been seen among us within living memory. Did that content her? By no means. She is looking to the people of Ireland for a greeting, not, perhaps, so warm as this—for Ireland has not set eyes upon the Queen these forty years—but still a greeting that will silence for awhile the voices of controversy and reproach. Is not that a gracious and beautiful appeal? With the burden of many years and sorrows, with the anxieties of precarious health, the Queen will sojourn among her Irish subjects, setting herself a task of healing not less womanly than royal. They are asked to abate none of their aspirations; their patriotism need moult no feather; and it will be strange if they do not respond with a frank and ready chivalry.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Rheumatic Playgoer," writes: "After a bout of rheumatism that crippled me for a week, I sat the other evening in the front row of the stalls at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sir, I have never known before what it was to feel acute sympathy with the players in a mimic scene. When the two pairs of lovers in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' went to sleep in the wood, I wanted to cry out: 'For heaven's sake, young people, don't be rash! Don't abuse the abounding vitality of youth by sleeping on damp grass! You'll catch rheumatism, as sure as aches are aches!' Shakespeare, who, as you are aware, Sir, knew everything, foresaw this quite clearly. It is the whole point of Puck's malicious joy when he finds the lovers lying 'on the dank and dirty ground.' He does not remark this, mind you, when Titania is asleep. She is a fairy, and exempt from twinges. But Demetrius and Helena, Lysander and Hermia, all in the flimsied Athenian raiment! No wonder Puck exclaims, 'Lord! what fools these mortals be!' I could scarce refrain from calling out, 'My dear Lysander, my charming Helena, if you don't ask some kind person in the wings to get you a bottle of Smellian's embrocation (not the mild quality, but the strong stuff that's applied to horses), and rub it in night and morning, you'll go a-hobbling for a week!'

"Sir, I felt the situation to that degree that my own pains came back, and I hastily swallowed a pocketful of tabloids and lozenges, and half a phial of tincture. But for this presence of mind, and the diverting burlesque by Mr. Tree of the village actor-manager, and Miss Julia Neilson's delightful singing, I should have had a serious relapse. It has since occurred to me that Shakespeare (ever large-hearted) used the herb with which the eyes of the quarrelling lovers are anointed, as a safeguard against rheumatism. If I am right, I should like to know whether it can be had at any chemist's, and whether it is equally efficacious when rubbed on the knee-cap." I should like to give my correspondent some definite assurance on this novel point of Shakespearean criticism, which combines an unexpected literary charm with so much medicinal interest. But I cannot claim the necessary authority. The matter had better be referred to Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and the editor of the *Lancet*.

## THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

LORD ROBERTS'S RAPID ADVANCE.

COOL PEACE PROPOSALS REJECTED.

The goal is nearer. Lord Roberts's masterly and quick advance in the Orange Free State, swiftly succeeding the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith and the capture of Cronjé, manifestly had an immediate effect upon the arch-conspirators, President Kruger and President Steyn. They were impelled to make overtures for peace to the British Government, but audaciously named such conditions that Lord Salisbury had no course open to him but to reject them. England—nay, the Empire—having sacrificed so many precious lives and spent so many millions in repelling the Boer invasion of Natal and Cape Colony—will, as a wise precaution against future trouble, deprive the Orange Free State and the Transvaal of their independence. Oom Paul and Steyn have the coolness to demand, as the terms of Peace, that we should grant "the incontestable independence of both Republics as Sovereign International States." The Prime Minister does but express the views of Great Britain and of Greater Britain alike when he answers thus firmly—

"In view of the use to which the two Republics have put the position which was given to them, and the calamities which their unprovoked attack has inflicted upon her Majesty's dominions, her Majesty's Government can only answer your Honours' telegram by saying that they are not prepared to assent to the independence either of the South African Republic or of the Orange Free State."

The exemplary skill and celerity of Lord Roberts's operations, combined with the most careful organisation, cannot be too much lauded. He is continually taking the retreating Boers by surprise and outflanking them. Most valuable assistance is still being given by General French, whose reputation as our most dashing cavalry leader has been enhanced by his exploits since his memorable ride into Kimberley. With the help of French and of the similarly able Generals commanding the Infantry Divisions, Lord Roberts sped on from the scene of Cronjé's surrender to Poplar Grove, where he had another "very successful day" on March 7 (as the veteran Field-Marshal himself blithely put it in his despatch). The fighting was practically confined to the Cavalry Division. Generals de Wet and Delarey were in command of the Boer Forces, who were so securely and cunningly entrenched in a strong position that a direct front attack, such as has too often been used in this campaign, would have entailed a heavy loss. Hence French's gallant cavalry made a wide turning movement, and completely routed the enemy. The Boers, indeed, fled so hurriedly that they left their cooked dinners behind them. A Krupp gun, and several tents and wagons were taken. Kruger and Steyn, who were present, in vain endeavoured to arrest the flight of the Boers, and had themselves at last to join in the retreat to avoid capture. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Keswick, 12th Lancers, and Lieutenant Frieslick, 1st Grahamstown Volunteers, were among the killed on this side.

The Division of General Kelly-Kenny, who has shown a smartness that must be highly appreciated by Lord Roberts, figured prominently in the action of March 10. Wasting not an atom of time, Lord Roberts continued his march, and on Saturday last reached Driefontein. Thereat two battalions of General Kelly-Kenny's Division—the Welsh and the Essex—turned the Boers out of two strong positions at the point of the bayonet. The enemy lost 102 dead, and twenty prisoners. During this action, there was such a gross abuse of the white flag by the Boers on a kopje east of Driefontein Farm, where several British were wounded in consequence, that the Commander-in-Chief addressed a warm remonstrance to the two Presidents, and said that if such an occurrence were repeated he would "be most reluctantly compelled to order my troops to disregard the white flag entirely." The use of explosive bullets was likewise rightly denounced as "a disgrace to any civilised Power." But the Boers have yet to be civilised.

The Boers again trokked in the night after the battle of Driefontein, where the Welsh and Essex Regiments distinguished themselves so. But, an early riser, Roberts was speedily on their track. On Monday he marched from Aasvogel Kop to Ventersvlei, some few miles south of Bloemfontein. The same day General French, expeditious as ever, charged the Boers out of the hills commanding Bloemfontein Railway Station. A brother of President Steyn was made prisoner. At dawn on Tuesday, hardly "Bobs" started from Ventersvlei with the Third Cavalry Brigade and the Mounted Infantry to reinforce General French; and Bloemfontein will probably have been entered by the British troops before these lines are in print.

Lord Kitchener, in whom supreme confidence is also placed, has been as active as his trusty chief. He paid a second flying visit to Kimberley on March 9, and next day undertook a railway journey to Victoria Road to quell the rising of the Dutch on the Frontier of Cape Colony. Meantime, General Gatacre on Monday pushed on from Burgersdorp to Bethulie, where the Boers destroyed the railway-bridge over the Orange River; on the same day General Clements well shelled the enemy; and it is satisfactory to note that General Brabant repulsed the Boers near Aliwal North.

Ladysmith has been quiet since Sir Redvers Buller's army entered the town. Sir George White left for Durban and Sir Charles Warren embarked at that port for East London.

## OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

Mafeking, defended so splendidly by Colonel Baden-Powell and his brave garrison, has suffered severely through fever and scarcity of food, and has been bombarded with fresh energy by the Boer besiegers, who occupied some positions nearer the town, from which "B.P." drove them; but everyone hopes that Colonel Plumer or the column from Kimberley has ere now relieved Mafeking. This week we present a portrait of Colonel Baden-Powell.



## PARLIAMENT AND THE WAR.

## LORD SALISBURY'S REPLY TO THE BOER TERMS OF PEACE.

In both Houses were read the telegraphic messages that passed between the Presidents of the two Republics in South Africa and the Imperial Government. On March 5 the Presidents suggested that the war should end by the recognition of their claim to independence and the amnesty of all rebels in Cape Colony. They argued that the war had been undertaken by them as a defensive measure, because their independence was threatened. The Government replied that no such proposals could be entertained, and that the independence of both Republics must be forfeited. There was nothing in the negotiations preceding the war to justify the invasion of our territories by the Boer forces. The rights guaranteed to the Transvaal by the Convention had not been infringed, and the Boer independence was not in danger. In brief, the Government pointed out to Mr. Kruger that for the now inevitable destruction of that independence he alone was responsible.

This announcement produced a small explosion of wrath in the debate on the second reading of the War Loan Bill. Mr. Labouchere said that the war was the work of the "vilest financiers in this country." He admitted that the Boers ought to be driven out of the territories they had invaded, but could not see that they ought to be punished for the invasion, or made incapable in future of repeating the enterprise. Sir Wilfrid Lawson echoed Mr. Labouchere. Mr. William Redmond said the war would throw a heavy burden of taxation on Ireland. These sentiments did not prevent the second reading of the Bill by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Wyndham made a further statement with respect to the new Army scheme. He observed incidentally that the total cost of transport for the Colonial forces would be borne by this country. A new branch of the War Office was to be constituted for the management of the Auxiliary forces. A special grant amounting to £50,000 would be made to the Volunteers for bicycle equipment, which is likely to play an important part in military operations. Officers had been sent to Switzerland to study the rifle-ranges there, and £100,000 would be spent in carrying out their recommendations. Mr. Wyndham laid much stress on the loyal response which the Reservists had made to the call of duty. He argued that one advantage of our voluntary system was that 90,000 men of the Reserve were ready when they were needed, and the country therefore saved the cost of ten millions for housing them in barracks. Moreover, it was only a voluntary system that would give us the constant supply of young men for short service abroad.

Sir Charles Dilke retorted that even now no real provision for the maintenance of an increased force abroad had been made by the Government. He complained that these temporary measures were "extravagant makeshifts." Army critics had been told by Mr. Balfour that they never made a practical suggestion, and yet the War Office had been compelled to admit that the number of guns was insufficient. It appeared to be contemplated by the Government that a new Australian force should serve for garrison work in South Africa, an arrangement which would prove much more costly than the employment of home battalions for the same service. Sir Charles Dilke urged the Government to come to a definite understanding with the Colonies as soon as possible as to the strength which they desired to contribute to the permanent military forces of the Empire.

Mr. Arnold-Forster said that for the year 1897-98 upwards of 15,000 men had disappeared from the Army by discharge or desertion, and 8000 were under two years' service. If that loss of immature men could be stopped, the saving would pay for another Army Corps. As for the administration of the War Office, which was to control the proposed changes, it had not the smallest claim on the public confidence. Mr. Arnold-Forster could not recall a single year in which he had not seen the positive assurances of the War Office disproved by undeniable facts.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI.

Certain obvious merits has Mr. Laurence Irving's "romantic historical" drama, newly staged at the Adelphi Theatre—to wit, pretty love passages, thrilling stage effects, passable blank-verse rhetoric, and much scenic beauty. But in technique and manipulation of subject, "Bonnie Dundee" marks no advance on the earlier "Peter the Great." Indeed, as the official description might almost imply, Mr. Irving has stumbled between the stools of history and romanticism. On the one hand he presents a Claverhouse according neither with Jacobite nor with Covenantant tradition, but so sentimentalised and robbed of individuality as to be the conventional hero of romance; on the other, he stops the whole action of his story to supply a tiresome study of the hapless King James, and so to invest his play with some historical colour. Mr. Irving also has caught Sardou's enthusiasm for massing big stage crowds and arranging grand spectacular tableaux. And so, though the picture of Dundee advancing unarmoured through a hostile mob, or riding gallantly past the windows of the Hall of Convention, or again dashing to his death in Killiecrankie fight is in each case impressive and given a beautiful setting, still the *coup d'œil* is achieved at the expense of a well-knit plot. Strangely enough, too, the dramatist affords few chances for the showier kind of histrionics. Perhaps the best fall to Mr. Fulton as the very prominent villain; to Mr. Mackintosh, whose fallen King is admirably detailed but never pathetic; and to Miss Sheldon, a promising player disposed to over-emphasise the moods of her jealous Spaniard. Yet, after all, it is the unforced and refined emotional acting of Miss Lena Ashwell, most appealing of modern stage heroines, and of Mr. Robert Taber, most picturesque, chivalrous, and spiritual of heroes, which lends its chief distinctness to the interpretation of this episodically interesting but rather attenuated play.

## THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Not only Paris, but the whole of France is grief-stricken at the destruction of the Comédie Française. The fact need surprise no one who knows the history of the famous institution. It was to dramatic art what the Louvre and the Luxembourg combined are to the painter's and the sculptor's art—what the Bibliothèque Nationale is to literature. It was the storehouse of a matchless collection of relics connected with the French stage in its highest manifestations; its walls spoke as eloquently of the deathless fame of many of France's sons as the actors themselves before the footlights; its repertory was the embodiment not only of France's literary and histrionic past, but also of its dynastic and political one. "The Comédie Française is the glory of France, the Opera is only her vanity," said the First Napoleon, and he did not exaggerate.

Every Frenchman of average education is conscious of this; and every alien of culture includes in the programme of his visit to the capital one or two evenings to be spent at the House of Molière. Nicholas Brazier tells us that at the first invasion of France by the Allied armies, several Russian officers, on arriving at the Place Mancey, now the Place Clichy, in Paris, inquired the way to the Comédie Française, and before repairing to their hotels to get the grime off themselves and their travel-stained uniforms, hastened to the Rue de Richelieu to secure their seats. The story is not apocryphal. Montesquieu said that every country has the Government it deserves. I am of opinion that the same might be said with regard to a nation's dramatic literature and theatrical institutions; and whatever France may deserve in the way of Government, she certainly deserves her Comédie Française; for Republicans and Legitimists, Imperialists and Constitutional Monarchists, alike, have, since they came to bear these names, vied with each other in keeping up the prestige of what may justly be called "the World's School of the Drama."

The more story, let alone the history of the beginnings of that school, and of its artistic progress during two centuries and a half, cannot be written here. Every ruler of France during that time—even the frivolous Louis XV. and his practically imitator successor Louis XVI.—contributed more or less to that progress; but to Louis XIV. belongs the honour of having inaugurated it. Historians may cavil at the too often fulsome praise bestowed upon the Grand Monarque by his courtiers and by the poets; certain it is that his taste in literature, and, above all, in dramatic literature, was far superior to that of the majority of his *entourage*, and that, at least, a couple of Molière's masterpieces would have been suppressed—for how long it is impossible to tell—but for his active support of them. Nor is there any other country in the world where a great political movement and upheaval was foreshadowed on the stage as it was in France. I am referring to Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro."

And, according to their lights, the men who made the First Revolution and hurried it to its intermediary catastrophe, yclept the Reign of Terror, were as solicitous—I repeat, according to their lights—for the welfare of the Comédie Française as *le Roi Soleil* himself. The First Napoleon, with the first clouds of his approaching fall upon him—*i.e.*, during the Russian campaign—promulgated the constitution of the Comédie Française, which constitution, save for a few unimportant modifications, holds good to the present day. The Bourbons, at their return to France, were, perhaps, hostile but certainly not indifferent to the Comédie Française. They probably remembered too well the harm it had wrought to their dynasty to give it an altogether free hand, hence their interference with its repertory; but, in spite of those restrictions imposed, their material patronage was never withheld. Their intellectual attitude towards it was not different from that of the man in the street, as Charles X. expressed it on a memorable occasion to Victor Hugo. It was, all things considered, not quite so large-minded as that of the proletarian thus dragged into the controversy by the heels. Nevertheless, one may well ask in what other country a monarch, and especially a monarch beset with cares as was the last occupant of the throne of the Bourbons, would devote time to listen to the grievances of a playwright fancying himself to be, or really being, injured?

Louis Philippe interfered but little in the concerns of the Comédie Française; the intellectual and histrionic part had grown beyond the interference of a monarch not at heart a tyrant; the political part he had to leave to circumstances; and it was during his reign that the Comédie Française attained its highest degree of dramatic and histrionic excellence, but at the same time descended to the lowest level of financial adversity. Rachel seceded, and notwithstanding the presence of such consummate artists as Regnier, Samson, and Madame Arnould-Plessy, the receipts after Rachel's secession dwindled to three and four hundred francs a night.

Then came the Second Republic, and with it came, luckily, the Third Napoleon that was to be. The late Arsène Houssaye took the helm, and kept it for five years, infusing a new spirit into the institution. The giants of stagecraft and the colossi of literature rallied to his aid, and although, under his successor, the Comédie Française had its ups and downs, it slowly but surely steered its course towards the condition of universal fame and financial well-being which M. Thierry's successors, Emile Perrin and Jules Claretie, maintained and even increased.

And now the building boasting of this most interesting record is a charred ruin. The latest news is a promise that it will rise from its ashes in a few months hence. The calamity that has befallen France is none the less great, and I feel convinced that I am echoing the sentiments of my readers in conveying through *The Illustrated London News* my sympathies with France's loss, for France, in spite of its errors, is to most of us the Mecca and Medina of dramatic art.

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## MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON. GRAND IRISH PROGRAMME, This Day (Saturday), March 17, at 8 and 8.30. Nightly at 8. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 2 and 8.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY: SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND.



ST. PATRICK.



LANDING OF ST. PATRICK ON HIS FIRST MISSIONARY VISIT TO IRELAND, A.D. 432



ST. PATRICK CARRIED OFF BY PIRATES.



ST. PATRICK SOLD AS A SLAVE.



ST. PATRICK KEEPING FLOCKS.



ST. PATRICK RECEIVES THE MONASTIC HABIT  
AT MARMOUTIER.



ST. PATRICK MEETS KING LEOGAIRE ON THE PLAINS  
OF TARA.



ST. PATRICK LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE OF  
ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.



DEATH OF ST. PATRICK.



THE TOMB OF ST. PATRICK.

Photo. supplied by Mr. W. J. Bennett.





THE MARKET. BLOEMFONTEIN.

*From a Photograph by Deane Brothers.*



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON: THE QUEEN RECEIVED BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AT TEMPLE STAIRS, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

The great feature of the Queen's visit to London was its spontaneity. There was no organised reception. But London turned out its millions to cheer their Sovereign, and every house that she passed, even the poorest, was gay with flags in her honour. It was on March 8 that her Majesty came to Paddington from Windsor. The drive to Buckingham Palace was through one long lane of happy faces. In the afternoon she drove to the City amid applauding millions. At the Temple steps on the Embankment, marking the City boundaries, she was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen in scarlet, and the Sword-Bearer. His Lordship presented the sword, and said: "Your ancient and most loyal City heartily welcomes your Majesty." The Queen, remembering the loyal help of London in carrying on the war, said: "I wish to thank you for all that my City has done." In the evening thousands of Londoners serenaded the Palace: when a green light was burned, "God Save the Queen" rose with a great thrilling volume of sound; when a red light flashed, "Rule, Britannia," rang like a challenge to the world. Her Majesty's drive next day was even more glorious than the first. And in the evening, when all London was cheering at her Palace gates, she appeared at the lighted windows and bowed her thanks; and then a great cry went up that was heard for miles. When she drove to Paddington next day, all along the two miles of the road the people were standing four deep on both sides of the way. Several millions of people must have seen the Queen during her three-days' visit.

### INSPECTION OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales inspected at Chelsea Barracks on March 9 a body of the Imperial Yeomanry known as "Paget's Horse." Paraded with the 51st and 52nd Companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, raised by Mr. George Paget, was the 67th Company (the Sharpshooters), raised by Lord Dunraven's Committee. Other detachments of the Imperial Yeomanry are now forming, and are to be despatched at once, though some of them have been heard to express a fear that they will be stopped on the way out to garrison Malta, thus freeing Regulars for service in South Africa. As most of "Paget's Horse" are gentlemen of independent means who have joined "to get a shot at the Boers," this prospect is decidedly unpleasant. However, it has no terrors for the fine body of men inspected by the Prince on Friday, for their hearts' desire is to be satisfied, and they are now off to the front.

### SCENES AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

Lord Roberts has continued his victorious march from Paardeberg, and by this time he may have his headquarters at Bloemfontein, one of our enemies' capitals. Since Cronjé's capitulation he has defeated the Boers at Poplar Grove and again at Driefontein. He is always taking the road the enemy do not expect, and

while General French outflanks them on the north or south, Lord Roberts leads onward the main body of the army, throwing out cavalry pickets on every side, so as not to blunder unawares upon the lurking Boers. This scouting is ticklish work, as our Illustration "On the Alert" shows: while all is apparently peaceful, a deadly shot may ring out from an invisible foe. Bloemfontein is a sleepy, sunshiny little place, with about eight thousand

important milestone on our great ocean highway, as steamers going round the Cape always stopped there to take in water and provisions.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Her Majesty's happy recommendation that her troops shall wear the green upon St. Patrick's Day may be held to mark the practical rehabilitation of the observance of that saint's anniversary. A great deal of legend, of course, clings to the history of the patron saint of Ireland, but the main facts appear to be these: Patrick was the son of a deacon named Calpornius. His own Celtic name was Succat, Patricius being his Latin designation. Boulogne-sur-Mer and Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, contend for the honour of giving him birth. In his sixteenth year he was seized by pirates, carried to Ireland, and sold to an Antrim chief called Milchu. With him he endured six years' captivity, and then, escaping, went to France, where he became a monk. At forty-five years of age he was ordained a Bishop, and went as a missionary to Ireland. He landed at Wicklow, and then set out on a missionary journey, during which he converted his own master, Milchu. At Tara he preached to the King of Tara, Leogaire. After twenty years of missionary labour, he established his see at Armagh. 463 A.D. is given as the date of his death.

After ages of neglect, the traditional resting-place of the mortal remains of Ireland's patron saint in the cathedral graveyard at Downpatrick have been covered with a memorial stone. The stone is a rough, weather-beaten boulder of granite, weighing about seven tons. Upon the upper surface of this boulder is incised an Irish cross, faithfully reproduced from one cut on an equally rough, unhewn stone found on the Island of Inisclithran. The movement to erect a monument was initiated by Mr. F. J. Biggar, of Belfast, who was warmly supported by all classes and creeds. The supervision of the work was entrusted to Mr. W. J. Fennell, architect.

### THE SALE AT KINGSCLERE.

There is a record day in everything. Assuredly the Kingsclere sale on March 8 will take rank in sporting records. No such price has ever been given for a race-horse as the bid of 37,500 guineas by M. Blanc for Flying Fox, the property of the late Duke of Westminster. He was by no means unopposed. There were prospective buyers from the Continent, from America, and even from South America, where one of the horse's ancestors passed a period of his life. The latter—the well-known Ormonde—was sold by the late Duke to a South American for £12,000, and he was afterwards sold for £31,250. Some idea of the magnitude of M. Blanc's stud may be gained by the statement that he has no fewer than seventy or eighty brood mares in his paddocks and boxes.

The sale was attended by the Prince of Wales, who bought a sweetly pretty sister to Flying Fox (in Vane) for 4500 guineas. Sir John Thursby—whose head must have been sore with nodding—outstayed all opposition, and secured the magnificent St. Serf horse, Calveley. In our Illustration the Prince appears in the front row of the stand. Next in order are the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian. Fifth is Mr. John Porter. Mr. Somerville Tattersall occupies the rostrum.



GRAVE OF THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS AND DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY WHO FELL AFTER THE ARMOURD TRAIN DISASTER AT CHIEVELEY.

The monument erected by the Border Regiments to their comrades is made of odds and ends, the best procurable under the circumstances. The cross at the head is made of old wire and badges of the Dublin Fusiliers.

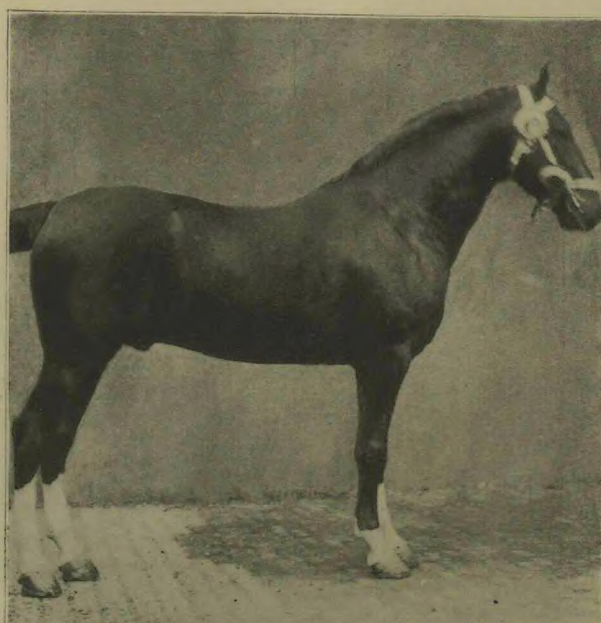
inhabitants. Lord Roberts will probably occupy the Presidency—a fine building, erected for Steyn at a cost of £20,000.

### ST. HELENA.

The news that General Cronjé is to be sent as a prisoner to St. Helena has revived public interest in that little dependency of the British Empire. Cronjé's vanity may be flattered by the thought that we are going to cage him where we caged the great Napoleon; but no doubt he will be taught a proper humility by the recollection that St. Helena has been the usual dumping-place for disturbers of South African peace—Dinizulu and other obstreperous potentates. Prior to the cutting of the Suez Canal, St. Helena was rather an



MR. GALBRAITH'S HACKNEY MARE, ROSADORA, FIRST PRIZE, SILVER MEDAL, AND CHAMPION CUP FOR BEST MARE IN THE SHOW.



MR. LIVESEY'S HACKNEY STALLION, M. KINLEY, FIRST PRIZE, MEDAL, AND CHAMPION CUP FOR BEST STALLION IN THE SHOW.

TWO WINNERS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL HACKNEY SHOW.



## PERSONAL.

The Queen has conferred the distinction of C.B. on Captain Lambton and Captain Percy Scott. Captain Lambton commanded the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith throughout the memorable siege; and Captain Percy Scott invented the carriage on which the heavy naval guns were moved to the front. Both officers rendered services of inestimable value at critical moments in the campaign. Captain Scott is one of the most accomplished of the scientific officers in the Navy.

Mr. Kruger is credited with many remarkable sayings, but the latest of them is the pithiest. A Free Stater complained to him that the Transvaalers had stolen his cattle. "The burghers went into this war," said the President mournfully, "to fight a righteous fight, but they have developed into horse and cattle stealers." This recalls the famous reproach addressed by a judge to a prisoner: "Prisoner at the bar, you have had an excellent education; you have been brought up by pious parents; you have enjoyed every opportunity to lead a useful and honourable life as a citizen of this great country. Instead of which, you go about stealing ducks!"

It is remarkable how Lord Roberts finds time for those acts of simple courtesy which endear him to the

finds his argument on the comprehensive proposition that the entire reign of her Majesty has been injurious to Ireland. The connection between this harum-scarum idea of history and the Queen's Irish visit is not obvious. It is gratifying to know that there are strong Nationalists, like the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who have both the courtesy and the common-sense that Mr. William Redmond conspicuously lacks.

The guns were lost at Colenso, but the daring deeds done in the attempt to save them remain as a lasting memory if not as a recompense. The portrait of Corporal Nurse, who was with Lieutenant Roberts when that brave young officer lost his life, has already been given; and to-day is published that of Driver Arthur Felton, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his gallantry on the same occasion.

Australasia has come to the aid of the Mother-Country, not only in the arts of killing but in the arts of curing. Melbourne has just delivered up its most famous citizen surgeon for three months of service in South Africa; and New South Wales has sent into the field an efficient Army Medical Corps, one of whose officers is Major William L'Estrange Eames. Captain Eames is the son of an Army chaplain, the Rev. William Eames. He was born at

governing sentiment of the diocese, has designated as Bishop Ryle's successor the Rev. Principal F. J. Chavasse, a Low Churchman, who has, nevertheless, experienced the goodwill of other parties in the Church on past occasions. Principal Chavasse has been well known in Oxford for many years, formerly as a rector in the town and latterly as Principal of Wycliffe Hall.

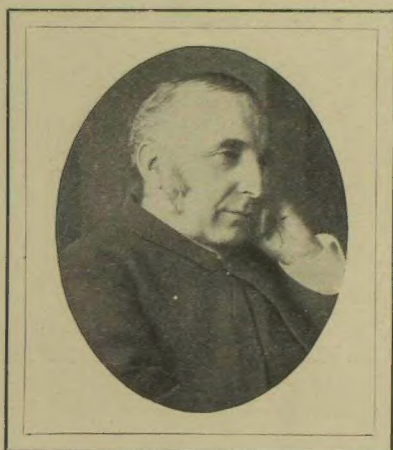
Mr. John Maple, one of the founders of a firm that has made its name everywhere known, died last week at his residence, Bedford Lodge, Hampstead. Mr. Maple had reached the age of eighty-five, and was the father of Sir John Blundell Maple.

The Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition is being held earlier than usual this year, and its proceeds will benefit the Marchioness of Lansdowne's Officers' Families Fund as well as the London charities on whose behalf it is annually held. The principal feature of the Loan Annex to this year will be a selection of mezzotints from Lord Cheylesmore's famous collection, together with valuable miniatures lent by her Majesty the Queen and many others. The exhibition is to be held in Mr. and Mrs. Beer's beautiful house in Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair and will remain open four days—March 20 to 23. The fine oil-paintings hanging on the walls of the house will add to



LIEUTENANT G. M. SHIPWAY  
(Wounded at Klip Kraal).

Photo. Fell.



THE REV. F. J. CHAVASSE  
(New Bishop of Liverpool).

Photo. Russell.



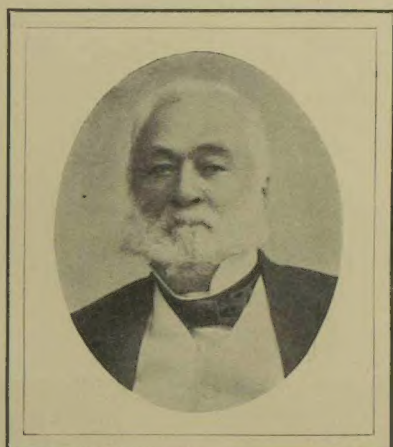
SECOND LIEUTENANT H. LEWIS LLOYD  
(Welsh Regiment, Severely Wounded).

Photo. Wickens, Upper Bangor.



CAPTAIN W. L'ESTRANGE EAMES  
(New South Wales Army Medical Corps).

Photo. Freeman, Sydney.



THE LATE MR. JOHN MAPLE.

Photo. Wilkinson.



DRIVER A. FELTON  
(Distinguished Service Medal).

Photo. G. Couser, Liverpool.

nation. In the midst of important military operations he telegraphs congratulations to the Lord Mayor of London, who has received a baronetcy from the Queen. Nothing escapes the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, whether it be a Boer army or a thoughtful remembrance of a friend at home.

Mr. Cronwright Schreiner is unfortunate as an agitator. Wherever he goes he has a hostile reception. At Scarborough his presence provoked a most unseemly riot. This popular temper is much to be regretted; but Mr. Schreiner's methods of controversy, which are extremely disingenuous, must bear some of the responsibility.

The scare of a French invasion is still kept up by writers who profess to know that French troops have been carefully selected for rapid shipment as soon as the Exhibition is closed. This agreeable calculation assumes either that M. Delcassé and his colleagues in the present Ministry are mad, or that the French Military Staff will overthrow the Ministry as a preliminary to the invasion. An absurd story in France that we intend to seize Madagascar as soon as we have finished with Mr. Kruger is said to be deliberately circulated in order to prepare the French public mind for the war that has been determined. It is much more likely to be the ridiculous counterpart to the scare that is organised here.

Mr. William Redmond and Mr. Harrington have made strong objection to the proposed address of welcome from the Dublin Corporation to the Queen. Mr. Redmond

Neemuch, Poonah, India, in 1863, and went to England at an early age. After receiving his primary education at Oswestry Grammar School, Shropshire, he went to Caius College, Cambridge, and subsequently to Trinity College, Dublin. In the Irish capital he went through his medical course, graduating B.A., M.B., and Ch.M. in 1886. In 1887 he went to Australia, and immediately began practice at Newcastle, where he has since remained. On Nov. 17, 1891, he joined what was then the Medical Staff Corps as Surgeon-Captain, being appointed Captain on its transformation into the Army Medical Corps on Sept. 28, 1898.

Lieutenant G. M. Shipway, 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, wounded at Klip Kraal on Feb. 16, is a son of Lieutenant-Colonel Shipway, of Grove House, Chiswick. He is twenty-two years of age, and entered his regiment on Feb. 20, 1897. He obtained his Lieutenancy on Dec. 20, 1898.

Second Lieutenant Henry Chester Lewis Lloyd, of the 1st Welsh Regiment, has been reported by Lord Roberts as "severely wounded" during the advance into the Orange Free State. This very young officer received his present rank only last year.

The new Bishop of Liverpool, whoever he might be, would hold a difficult post as the successor of the venerable Bishop Ryle, the last left old-fashioned Low Churchman upon the Bench of Bishops. Lord Salisbury, evidently thinking it undesirable to make too sudden a change in the

the interest of the exhibition, which will be arranged on screens and tables in the marble hall and reception-rooms. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales (President of the Royal Amateur Art Society) and all the members will send specimens of their work—painting, sculpture, brass, silver, and leather work, embroidery, and photographs. Prizes in the form of medals will be awarded to the best works of art in the various departments. Among the members we may name Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, Lord Napier of Magdala, Viscountess Hood, Lady Ashburton, the Marchioness of Granby, Lord Windsor, Lord Leven, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, Sir W. Colville, and many others. Besides this, more than one hundred framed pictures have been given by eminent artists and amateurs, to be sold for the benefit of the charities in aid of which the exhibition is held. Lady Alma-Tadema, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Elgood, and Mr. Sutton Palmer are among those who have given drawings, and some leading firms in Oxford Street have given fans and silver for the same good object. Lady Lansdowne, Lady Audrey Buller, Lady White, and other ladies related to the heroes at the front will superintend the sale of these gifts, and it is hoped a large sum may be realised.

An ideal chairman, Mr. E. S. Crick well deserved the compliment paid him on retiring from the presidency of the Mineral Water Bottle Exchange Association, whose courteous representative he has been for five years. His brother members presented Mr. Crick, as a testimonial of regard, with a silver salver and tea and coffee service.



S C E N E S     A T     T H E     S E A T     O F     W A R.

*Photographs supplied by R. Darley.*



THE DEVONS CROSSING THE TUGELA ON THEIR WAY TO SPION KOP.



BRITISH TROOPS MARCHING INTO JACOBSDAL ORANGE FREE STATE.



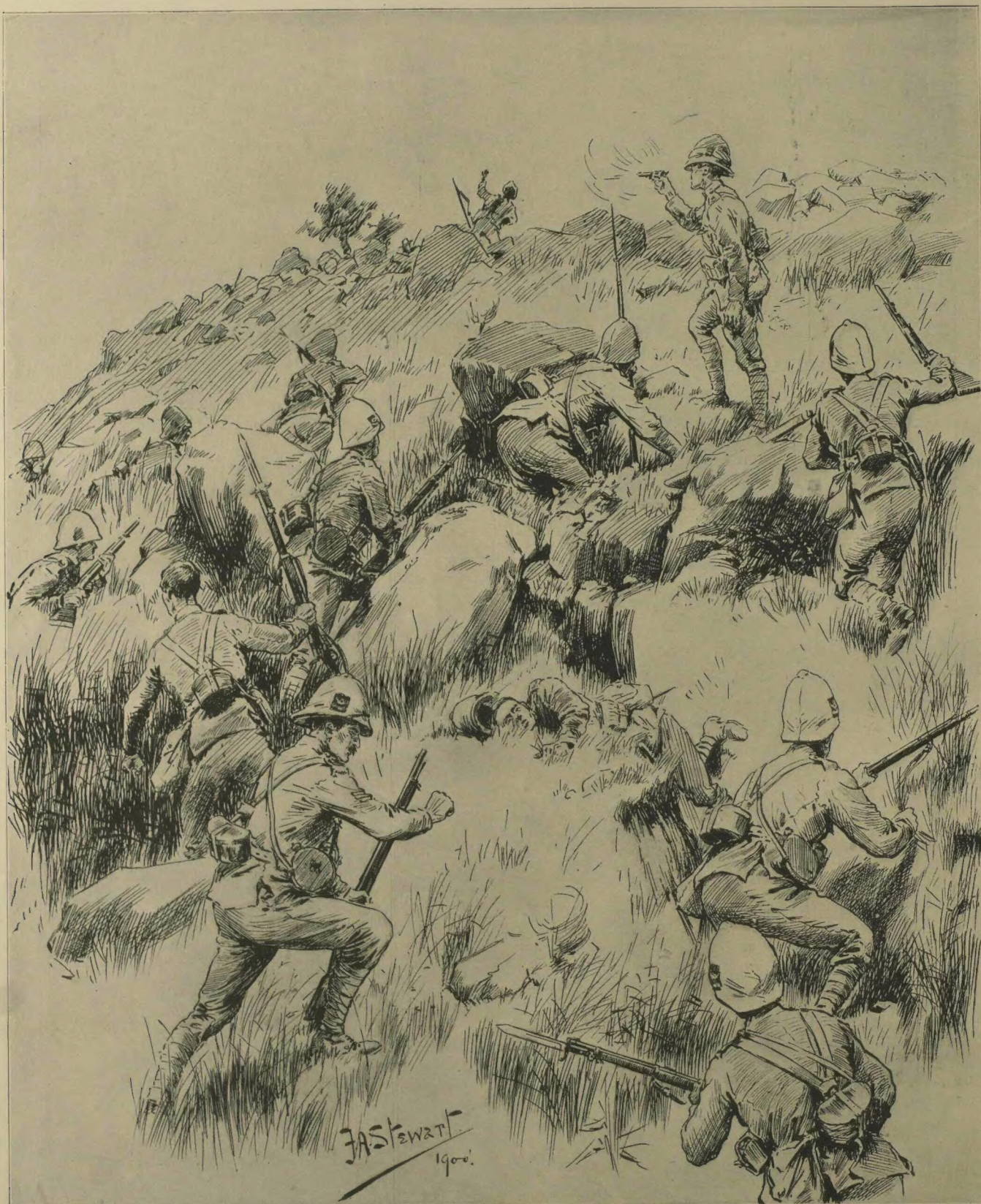


ON THE ALERT: A CAVALRY PICKET SEARCHING A SPRUIT.

From the Painting by H. W. Kocklock, to be given away as a Photographers' Supplement in "The Spear" next week.



## WITH BULLER TO LADYSMITH.



THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY STORMING THE CREST OF VAAL KRANTZ.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart writes: "The feint attack on the Brakfontein left being over, our batteries came trotting across the plain, over the temporary pontoon bridge, and out into the open ground facing the Vaal Krantz. Now began one of the most magnificent sights yet seen in modern war. Nearly every gun we had was brought to bear on one end of the threatened range; naval 12-pounders, R.A. batteries, howitzers, and siege pieces, over forty guns, sending lyddite, shrapnel, and common shell—bursting all one over the

other on to the same limited area, until the crest of that hill was one mass of smoke and bursting shells, and till, as a prisoner said afterwards, 'a cat could not move there and live.'

"Under cover of this terrible bombardment our infantry, who were gathering on the right, now pushed over the river and across the open ground intervening, the Durhams leading, supported by the Rifle Brigade, steadily advancing in extended order, though meeting a

hot rifle-fire from the dongas on the right and getting shelled by the enemy's Maxim-Nordenfolt (known as 'Pom-pom-pom' or 'Buck up, boys!'); but still forward, till they reached the foot of the hill. Our guns were almost silent, and soon ceased shelling the end of the range, for the Durhams were slowly but surely nearing the crest, and from boulder to boulder they drove back what Boers had either survived the shelling or crept up afterwards, and the hill was ours."





Photo. Peters.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. WOOD, CHIEF ENGINEER, AND STAFF.



Photo. Peters.

GROUP OF GUNNERS AND HOWITZER, SIEGE TRAIN.

### SOME GUNNERS AND A GUN.

Guns are still going out to South Africa, the latest additions including some Colt machine-guns presented by Sir William Ingram to the Imperial Yeomanry. The howitzer which stands for its portrait in our Illustration is a gun which has newly reached South Africa, and still has its trappings of straw about it. The group of gunners in attendance on it can hardly be recognised by

their best friends, their faces being in the black shadow of the summer sunshine. More successful has the photographer been with the portrait of Major-General Elliott Wood, C.B., R.E., and his supporters. The Chief Engineer of the First Army Corps in South Africa is fifty-six years of age; has served on the Staff at Aldershot and in Malta; and was with the Egyptian Expedition in 1882 and at Suakin in 1885. But his greatest experience has been that which now brings him a fresh fame in South Africa.

### KODOOSBERG.

Koodoosberg, on the Modder, the scene of General Hector MacDonald's successful reconnaissance with the Highland Brigade on Feb. 7, has hitherto been unknown to the gazetteer. The kopje on the right and the high part of the central ridge were occupied by the Highland Brigade, the Boers being on the left. The British camp is on the near side of the Modder River, in the left middle distance.

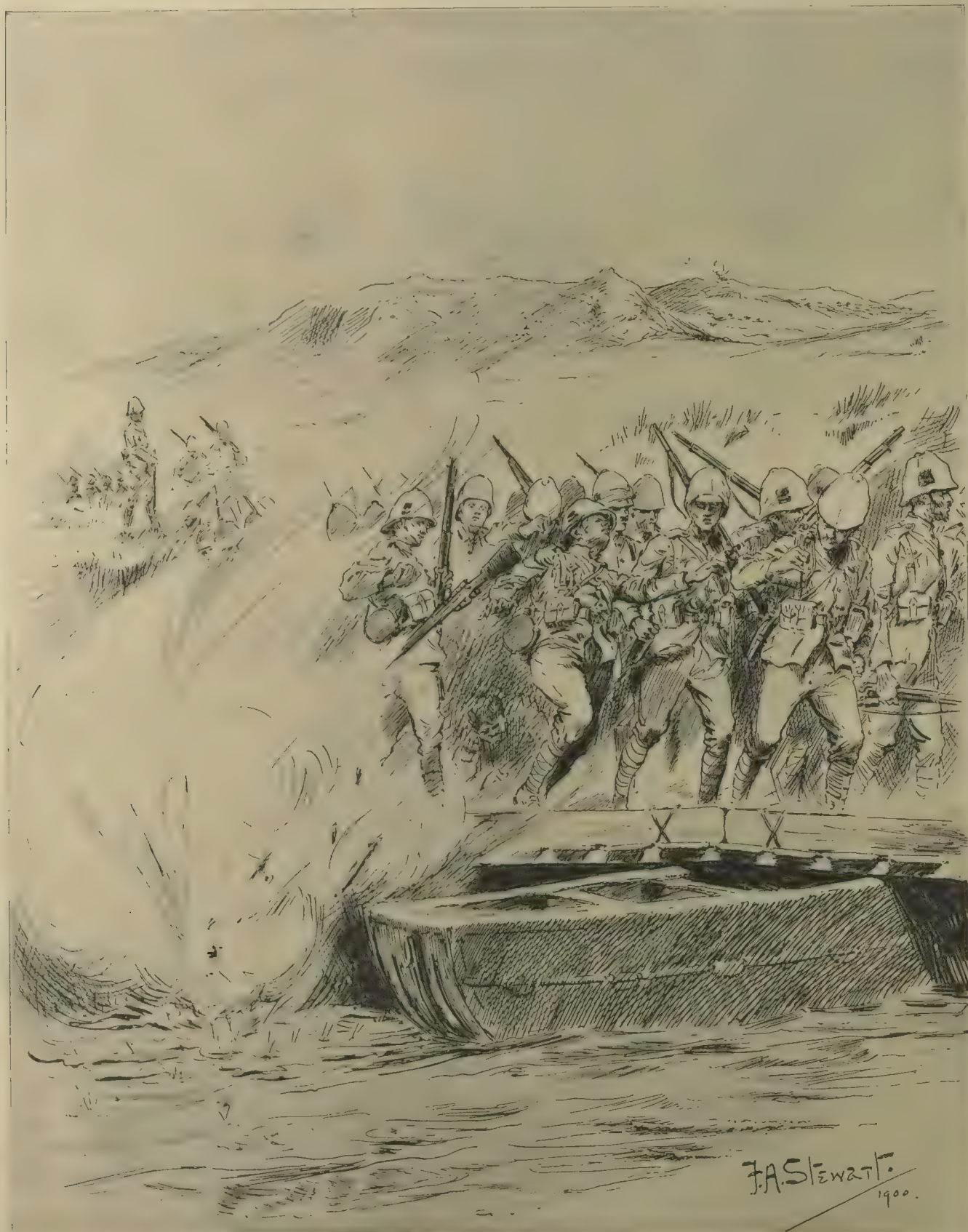


KODOOSBERG, THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE ON FEBRUARY 7.

From a Sketch by Private J. Farquharson, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.



W I T H   B U L L E R   T O   L A D Y S M I T H .



THE ATTACK ON THE VAAL KRANTZ RANGE: SUPPORTS PASSING THE TUGELA WHILE THE IRISH BRIGADE WAS CROSSING THE PONTON BRIDGE.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. A. STEWART.

*The enemy opened fire on them from the right with the 100-pounder gun, some of the shells hitting the bridge, but fortunately doing little damage.*





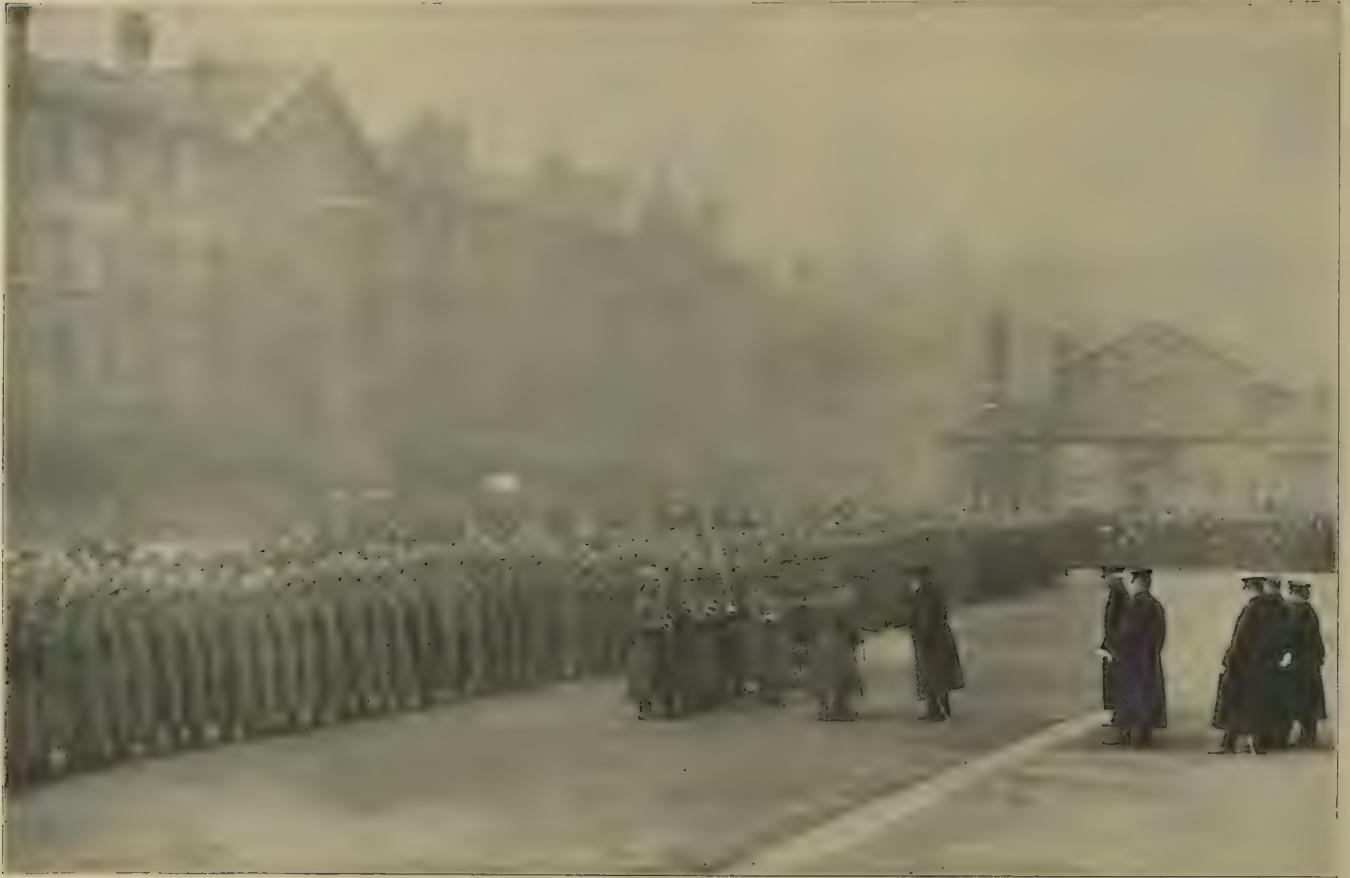
THEIR QUEEN AND EMPRESS.





MR. LAURENCE IRVING'S NEW PLAY, "BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.





THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FOR THE FRONT.

Photo Russell.



ST. HELENA, THE PROBABLE PRISON FOR THE BOER LEADERS.



**'DUTY is the Demand of the Passing Hour.'**—GOETHE.

THE VICTORIA ERA IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassues, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,  
"This was a man."—SHAKSPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed. . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

## THE DAWN OF FREEDOM!

LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and  
HUMAN HAPPINESS.

### A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIAL MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER-WHERE;



and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER'S THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB!'"

(Extract of a letter by Lincoln, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood.)

**MORAL.**—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is human life, so gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

## LOVE OF LIFE.

"'Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we pant;

More Life and Fuller, That we want!"—TENNYSON.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—Sterling Honesty of purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!! A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

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PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



## LADIES' PAGE.

I have reason to understand that it was the personal intervention of the Queen that produced the order that the men in the Irish regiments shall wear a sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day as a memento of the courage of Irish soldiers in this war. It is a harmless indulgence, which has hitherto been refused at the expense of much needless heart-burning. Irish soldiers, against whom there was no



AN ELEGANT CLOTH GOWN.

other recorded fault, have been imprisoned and disgraced for the "offence" of mounting a sprig of green on the special day of the patron saint of their mother-land. It is a mere fancy, of course, but badges and the sentiments that they intimate are no trifles in the government of mankind. After all, what else but a badge is the Victoria Cross—or any other Order? But—there is a but!—"the wearing of the green" is so well understood to mean "Free Ireland" that the Irish loyalists have never allowed it to be the national colour. At the laying by the Queen of the foundation-stone of the Prince Consort's statue that formed a portion of the Women's Jubilee Tribute, orders were sent by the English organisers of the ceremony to the Irish ladies who were to attend to distinguish themselves from the representative women of the sister isle by wearing green rosettes; but they absolutely refused to obey that instruction, and on their own initiative they assumed instead badges of "St. Patrick's blue"—that is to say, of the colour of the ribbon of the Order of that name. Now that "the green" is to be worn by royal command, will it become henceforth a national and not a party emblem?

Some very beautiful Court dresses have been shown to me. More than one had a silken train completely lined with velvet. I could not admire the idea. The arrangement was not merely identical with reversing the ordinary plan, since a silk placed outside must be a substantial one, and its weight added to that of a heavy velvet lining must be, I should think, uncommonly oppressive to the wearer, and apt to drag and fall too stiffly; whereas a supple light silk is used as a lining to a velvet train. One of these too magnificent trains was in purple velvet beneath white brocade satin, the superb lining shown by turning back the ends; the dress was of white silk covered with crystal and silver embroideries, and flounced with Brussels lace fixed on by clusters and trails of pansies. Then there was a yellow satin train lined with velvet of the palest mauve, worn above a dress of pleatings of yellow silk muslin embroidered from the waist to below the knee in lines with jewels and silver sequins, ending in randyked points above a deep flounce of fine lace; the bodice was decorated with a heart-shaped front of lace laid over satin, and beneath it was a deep swathed belt of the embroidered yellow muslin. Some of the gowns that are most beautiful to the eye that sees them at afternoon tea or on the dressmakers' stands are not effective for description, for to say "white" conveys little to the fancy, while the

actual vision of an intermingling of airy chiffon, cobwebby lace, lustrous satin, shimmering velvet, silken fringes, and superb pearl or silver embroideries may be regally splendid or fairly lovely. One of the prettiest gowns that I saw I will try, however, to make you see after me. A rich white satin train was lined and edged with white chiffon, the huge bows thereof affixed by diamond brooches, and at intervals were upstanding clusters of lily-of-the-valley. This poetic sweep of train was mounted over a petticoat of white chiffon embroidered with crystal and pearls in a deep foot-trimming, while the top of the skirt was covered closely with a shaped piece of Limerick lace, and the bodice was all lace and crystal and pearls and chiffon. The whole effect had to be seen to be realised in its beauty.

Black, too, so much in evidence in this year of mourning, is more impressive to see than to describe. A very handsome black panne dress was cut Princess fashion, opening in a graduated width from the bust to the feet over a kilting of black chiffon; it was embroidered down both edges of the panne with chenille foliage and flowers of padded chiffon, worked all over with jet slightly touched with steel. The train was of black brocade lined with steel-grey faille; it was constructed loosely falling from the shoulders, and embroidered to match the underdress along the sides. This was one of many gowns made with no frillings or berthe draperies at the bust; a tiny kilting inside the décolletage alone severed a somewhat hard line of the embroideries on the panne from the figure.

An uncommon and very pretty train was wholly of white chiffon, on which long trails of flowers in black Chantilly lace were applied, almost covering the ground; the full ruches that edged the train were in white chiffon much spotted with black chenille and edged with very narrow black lace. The dress was of a black-and-white brocade, the ground white ribbed silk with huge black velvet flowers raised all over it; there was a bolero of the same brocade, and a swathed belt of white and black spotted chiffon like that on the train, ending in a big bow and long ends at the left side of the waist. The lengthwise-tucked skirt did not fail to put in an appearance. One was in yellow bengaline pleated all round from back to front, with a panel of lace in the exact centre. The train of yellow and heliotrope brocade hung from the shoulders. A black watered velvet, lined with maize satin and trimmed with clusters of black ostrich feathers and jet butterflies, was worn over a black net skirt embroidered with a line of jet butterflies crossing it from left hip to right side of hem; and there was an Empire bodice of swathed net and jet embroidery. A delicate silver tissue, lined with old rose crêpe-de-chine, made a lovely train, trimmed with irises in shades of pink and with filmy lace; the petticoat was of crêpe-de-chine to match, and the corsage had long, pointed revers of the silver gauze from the waist to the shoulders, partly covered with lace, and showing pleated rose crêpe as a centre vest, with irises on the shoulder. An uncommon dress had a heavy flounce—or, rather, an underskirt-facing—of coat-of-mail jet sequins, and over it a peplum tunic of sky-blue satin, cut up deeply and fixed to the heavy sequined flounce or band by bows of black velvet ribbon centred with diamond buckles. A point of this tunic was drawn up on to a bodice of coat-of-mail sequins, which had no other trimming or finish than shoulder-straps of black velvet and diamond buckles. This was the most original gown that I have seen this time; it was designed for a very fair, tall, stately woman, and became her wonderfully.

The bolero still remains the almost universal fashion for the construction of new models for day wear. It is produced in innumerable variations, but the idea is ever the same. An original model shows a vest of pleated pale blue glacé silk, with a black cloth bolero découpé in a pattern to show the same bright colour lining it, and then the cloth of the bolero was cut out at the edge in strips so as to make a sort of fringe of itself at the back as well as the front. A novelty to replace drap découpé for the bolero or other trimming on a smart gown is silk taffetas, cut out in little holes or lines in the same way, looking, in fact, something like the Swiss work that adorns a baby's robe, but coming in the many colours of taffetas and charmingly supple. The tailors are celebrating the spring by a great increase of the decorative tendencies of the revers on the little coats that are still the best style in cloth or tweed dresses. I have previously mentioned the great novelty of the season—namely, the rough friezes dyed in the dainty yet bright pastel-colours—pale blue and rose pink in particular. To these materials are being added revers in soft silk embroidered in the delicate tints that tailors have hitherto generally eschewed; floral designs worked in pink, blue, and green on white silk grounds, and so forth, are being used. Other revers are seen of brocades, chiefly of the chêné type; and some are in plain satins run over with lines of chenille, or white silk grounds with panne or velvet leaves or geometrical shapes appliqué on the white. It will be seen that the tailor-made in this guise becomes a lightsome garb. But the sober strappings and stitchings for decoration, with plain velvet or moiré for the revers, are abided by in the majority of cases, for really it is that quiet and severe aspect that best becomes the tailor species of raiment.

Our illustrations show the more dressy aspect of the cloth dress, in that little coat with silk revers opening over a lace vest and trimmed with curls and buttons, as well as with bands of self-colour. The other is a more severe design, with light revers and bands on a plain cloth dress. Both add straw toques, which are trimmed with chiffon and flowers.

Our abodes want their spring attire renewed as well as our wardrobes, and in the nick of time Messrs. Hampton, the well-known Art furnishing firm of Pall Mall East, have issued a really superbly illustrated catalogue of the new fabrics that will make a dainty toilet for our rooms in the

fresh bright days that we hope and trust are so near (for sadly do we want them this year!). The longed-for summer sunshine will be far the sweeter if it comes into our rooms through some of these exquisite fabrics so artistically arranged by Messrs. Hampton's special designers for window-curtains, mantel draperies, portières, and bed-furniture. The catalogue they have issued of the new fabrics is an admirable specimen of colour-printing; and the designs shown of the chintzes, the tapestries, the silken brocades, the damasks, and the velvets are of the very highest order of art. There are some delightful reproductions of ancient patterns. One of humming-birds and parrots scattered over a luxuriant tropical creeping plant, is an interesting reproduction in taffetas of an old chintz pattern that would be ideal in some houses for the covers and the hangings of my lady's boudoir; while for the reception-rooms and on the grand staircase the "Versailles" in the gay French style, or the "Lorenzo" in the more stately Italian manner, are silk damasks of great charm. But the vast stock, or at least the catalogue, should be seen forthwith by intending purchasers of new hangings.

A case which has been before the Law Courts during the past week is an indication of the mischief that can be worked by palmistry and fortune-telling. While the practitioners of the arts of divination confine themselves to prophesying smooth things, listening to them may be harmless diversion; but both amateurs and professionals are apt to try to gain in impressiveness by launching forth into threatenings and alarms. True, only a silly hysterical woman would allow such audacious impudence seriously to affect her mind, but in this world of uncertainty and peril it is hard for any of us to remain quite impervious to superstition about "Fate," and I have known several cases in which an unpleasant impression was produced by such evil-dealing prophets. A palmist recently told a friend of mine that she was a widow, and on being abruptly corrected, the fortune-teller spitefully responded: "Then you very soon will be!" As the husband in question was just off to the front, a painful shade comes over the young wife's mind when she remembers the prophecy, though she really, in her sober mind, lays no stress on palmistry. The late Mr. Nisbet, of the *Times*, dabbled in this stream, and some years ago he told another of the most distinguished of London



A SMART CLOTH COSTUME.

journalists that it was written in his (the latter's) palm that "he would not be so fortunate towards the later half of his life as he was in the beginning." The man prophesied about remarked to me: "Of course, I don't believe in it; but still I wish he hadn't said it, for it is always coming over me at the very moments when it had better not do so." In that case years have passed, and the subject of the evil prophecy has been steadily successful, and has recently been appointed to the highly important editorship of one of the leading papers of the world in its own line. Surely the famous advice that Sir William Harcourt once gave about not reading newspapers, or, if you do, not believing in them, may be more happily applied to palmistry.

FLORENA.





## CHOICE ORNAMENTS FROM THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

DRAPERIES OF RICH BROCADE enhanced by the sheen of clasps and fastenings of brilliants in delicate settings are suggested by our latest illustration of the specialities of the Parisian Diamond Company, 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade. The

gems are worthy of their background. From the shadowy lace of the corsage gleams an ornament of superb design formed of scrolls of *à jour* set diamonds, mingled with pendent and single pearls, the form and colour of which is reproduced with consummate art. Diamond buttons are indicated by

the gracefully designed jewels half hidden in the silken folds, while the group is surmounted by a single-string necklace of these same famous pearls and a hair ornament which, for elegance of design and pleasing effect, well maintains the artistic reputation of the Company.



THE PURCHASER OF FLYING FOX



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE SALE OF FLYING FOX AT KINGSCLERE ON MARCH 8.

*The late Duke of Westminster's famous racehorse was purchased by M. E. Blanc for 37,500 guineas. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian attended the sale.*

# Mazawattee Tea

## Record Duty Cheque,

### £85,862. 8. 8.

*Paid January 15th, 1900,* \_\_\_\_\_

REPRESENTS

19½ miles of Mazawattee Tea chests of 100 lbs. each.

5,151,746 lbs. (over 2,300 Tons) of Delicious Mazawattee.

Thirteen hundred million cups of Mazawattee,

which would fill a huge Tea-duct, 1,670 miles long by one foot square, Reaching from London to Siberia; right across Europe.

A river of liquid Mazawattee, as long as the River Thames, 215 miles long, nearly eight feet wide by one foot deep.

*The Sugar to sweeten this Mazawattee Tea (one lump of a cubic inch to each cup) would make a road of Sugar 14½ miles long, 10 feet wide by one foot thick; and the Milk for the delicious tea would fill a milk duct of one foot square, which would extend from London to Dublin, a distance of 289 miles in a straight line*

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£85,862. 8. 8. IS ONE SINGLE OPERATION IN MAZAWATTEE TEA.**

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*Lord Robert's Dispatch*

To scour the land  
 Use Monkey Brand.

**INVALUABLE FOR**  
 Scouring Kitchen  
 Tables and Floors,  
 Paintwork, Linoleum,  
 and Oilcloths.

BROOKE'S SOAP  
**MONKEY BRAND**  
 SCOURS AND POLISHES THE WORLD.  
**WON'T WASH CLOTHES.**

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**UNRIVALLED FOR**  
 Polishing Brass, Copper,  
 Tin, Steel, Iron,  
 Metals, Marble, and  
 Earthenware.

Makes COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL.



## LORD NORTHCOTE IN BOMBAY.

The *Arabia*, with Lord and Lady Northcote on board, was sighted steering into the harbour of Bombay early on the morning of Feb. 16. Thereupon seventeen guns were fired off by H.M. flag-ship *Eclipse*, and a little later Rear-Admiral Bosanquet boarded the mail-steamer to be the first to offer a welcome to the new Governor. The shore was crowded with delighted spectators when his Excellency landed, all official Bombay being there to greet him. The Municipal Corporation, a body whose members

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 9, 1893) of Professor David Edward Hughes, F.R.S., of 40, Langham Street, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 6 by Mrs. Anna Chadbourne Hughes, his wife, William James Adams, and Edward Clodd, the executors, the value of the estate being £473,031. The testator gives £20,000, his personal effects, medals, books, and scientific papers, and certain securities deposited with the Société Générale de Crédit Industriel et Commercial (Paris), to his wife; £6000 to his sister Mrs.

widowhood, an annuity of £600 to Margaret Hughes Millar, and an annuity of £100 to Robert S. Millar, he leaves the residue of his property, upon sundry trusts and conditions, for the Middlesex Hospital, the London Hospital, King's College Hospital, and Charing Cross Hospital.

The will (dated June 19, 1899) of Mr. George Lewis Watson, J.P., D.L., of Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire, and 8, Wimpole Street, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on March 2 by the Rev. Wentworth Watson, the



THE ESCORT.



THE ENTRY TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

## ARRIVAL OF LORD NORTHCOTE AT BOMBAY.

are mostly the bearers of native names, had the premier place in reading an address; and Lord Northcote, in reply, gracefully referred to his father, saying that of all the public duties the late Lord Dufferin had had to discharge, none interested him more profoundly than those he was called upon to perform as Secretary of State for India. In this respect, as in others, "like father, like son." In due time, amid much cheering, the move to Government House was made, all the European and native troops, Regular and Volunteer, forming the escort. "God Save the Queen" was the burden of many a band, and "Welcome to Lord Northcote" was a legend that could everywhere be seen.

Margaret Hughes Millar; to her husband, Robert S. Millar, £4000; to their children, Katy Burrows, Daisy Millar, Edward Millar, and Graham Millar, £1000 each; to Mrs. Lucy Hughes Lucas, £1000, and to his executors, Mr. Adams and Mr. Clodd, £500 each. He further gives to the Royal Society and the Académie des Sciences de l'Institut (Paris), £4000 each, to apply the income in prizes for original discovery in physical sciences, particularly in electricity and magnetism; to the Institute of Electrical Engineers and to the Société Internationale des Electriciens (Paris), £2000 each; for a David Hughes Scholarship fund and to the Royal Institution, £1000. Subject to the payment of an annuity of £1000 to his wife during her

brother, and Arthur Richmond Farrer, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £201,471. The testator devises the Rockingham Estate, with the advowsons of Rockingham, Kettering, Stoke Albany, and Willarston, and all other his real property, upon trust, for his brother, the Rev. Wentworth Watson, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to Michael Culme-Seymour, the eldest son of his sister Mary Georgiana, Lady Culme-Seymour, for life, with like remainders to his first and other sons; but any person who shall come into possession of the said estates is to take the name and arms of "Watson." He bequeaths £1000 each to his sister Lady Culme-Seymour, the wife of



*Come here you Rascal It's Pears'*



## *Part 2. Tuesday Next.*

# Messrs. HARMSWORTH'S GREAT NEW PATRIOTIC PUBLICATION, WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA. WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.

This superb production appears fortnightly in Sixpenny Parts and, when complete, will make the most sumptuous volume published in recent years. The letterpress is by Mr. H. W. Wilson, joint author of "Nelson and His Times," and every care is being taken that the record of the War shall be complete and accurate. The best Art Paper is being used, and the printing is undertaken by Printers in the first rank.

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Since the issue of the Ultimatum, Messrs. Harmsworth's Correspondents in South Africa have been collecting authentic Photographs and Drawings concerning the great struggle. The Illustrations, superbly produced and printed, give an additional charm to this fascinating work. The Letterpress, assisted by the Illustrations, will set out with panoramic effect all the incidents and battles of the campaign, and will remove from the mind confusion incidental to the day-to-day history of the War given by the newspaper press. As a memento of the last year of the century, "With the Flag to Pretoria" will be unequalled.

## THE HEROIC DEEDS OF BRITAIN'S SONS

at Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley, will quicken the pulse and thrill the heart long after the close of the present War, and we can conceive no more pleasing emotion than turning over the pages of this patriotic work and having brought back to remembrance the great and stirring events of 1900. Every parent should see that his boy has a copy of "With the Flag to Pretoria" placed in his hands.

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA. | PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY  
WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA. | PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

Go to your Bookseller or Newsagent to-day, and ask him to reserve for you Copies of Nos. 1 and 2. Over half a million copies of No. 1, which is now being reprinted, and can be obtained by ordering from any Newsagent, have been sold, and a similar demand is expected for No. 2. "With the Flag to Pretoria." Price 6d.

## *Out Tuesday Next, March 20.*

In FORTNIGHTLY Parts, Price 6d. | WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.

# WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.



Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, and Lavinia Jane, the wife of Baron von Roeder; £200 to his agent, Neville Day; his live and dead stock, crops, wines, consumable stores, and tools to his brother; an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Anne Dean; an annuity of £100 to Miss Minnie Thyers, on condition that she does not act as a professional nurse; £100 to his executor, Mr. Farrer; and legacies to servants. The furniture, pictures, plate, etc., are to be sold, and the proceeds to be held, upon trust, for Henry Hobart Culme-Seymour, and his son Reginald Hobart Culme-Seymour. The residue of his property is to be sold, and the proceeds to be held, upon trust, for Henry Hobart Culme-Seymour, and his son Reginald Hobart Culme-Seymour.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1899) of Mr. Charles Crawshaw, J.P., of Hingham, Norfolk, brewer, who died on Oct. 25, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Maria Crawshaw, the widow, Charles Edward Crawshaw, and Walter Cubitt Crawshaw, the sons, and Frederick Thomas Keith, the executors, the value of the estate being £196,869. The testator gives £500, furniture and effects to the value of £1000, and an annuity of £1500 to his wife; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Emily Jane, for life, and then to his two sons; £5000 to, and £20,000, upon trust, for, his daughter Gertrude Mary Matilda; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Georgiana Bush; and other legacies. He appoints his son Charles Edward to be director of Youngs, Crawshaw, and Youngs, Limited. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated March 23, 1899), with four codicils dated April 20, June 29, Nov. 8, and Dec. 12, 1899), of

Mr. George Kelly, of 180, Sutherland Avenue, Bayswater, Clarendon Lodge, Shanklin, and 21, Tot Hill Street, Westminster, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Feb. 28 by Thomas George Kelly and William Francis Lawrence Kelly, the sons, Mrs. Florence Maria Elizabeth Bousfield, the daughter, and William Robert Bousfield, Q.C., the executors, the value of the estate being £117,481. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, the Westminster Hospital, the Great Northern Central Hospital, the Hospital for Women, St. John's, the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge Road, the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital (Marylebone Road), and the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Society. He gives £600 his English Stock of the Stationers' Company, an annuity of £500, and furniture to the value of £400 to his wife; and very many small legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each to his three sons, one sixth each to his two daughters, and one sixth, upon trust, for his granddaughters Julia Margaret Holdsworth and Florence Annie Holdsworth.

The will (dated May 10, 1899) of Captain Sam Tudor Ashton, J.P., of Burton Hall, Burton Lazars, Melton Mowbray, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on March 5 by Charles Ashton, the brother, Robert Buntin Muir, and Dillon Ross-Lewin Lowe, the executors, the value of the estate being £101,371. The testator settles Burton Hall and all other his real estate and £30,000 on his son, Hugh Cecil Sam, and his furniture and household effects are to devolve as heirlooms and be held therewith. Under the provisions of the settlement made on his first marriage he appoints the funds thereof to his daughter Mrs. Alice Muir,

and of his second marriage, as to £20,000 to his daughter Elaine Mary; and the remainder thereof to his son. He bequeaths £100 each to the Asylum for Idiots (Barnwood), the Newmarket Market Refuge (Scho), the Leicester Infirmary, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Vicar and Churchwardens of Melton Mowbray, upon trust, for the repairs of the church at Burton Lazars; £8000 to his daughter Mrs. Alice Muir, and an additional £10,000 if his only daughter, Elaine Mary, shall die under the age of twenty-five without leaving issue; £200 each to his son and brother, and to his sister Mary Jane Weeks; £500 between Lord and Lady Francis Osborne; £200 each to Lady Emma Osborne and Dillon Ross-Lewin Lowe; and legacies to servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1899) of Mr. Richard Edmonds Price, J.P., of Broomfield Hall, Bridgwater, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 27 by Elysman Pincelney and George Edward Baker, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £33,855. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his sister Helen Lockhart Cornish; £4000 to his sister Sarah Martha Izod; certain silver plate to his two sisters; £1000 each to his nieces Helen Mary Browne, Florence Jervoise, and Edith Anderson; £500 to Margaret Laxton; £100 each to his executors; a triptych to the Marchioness of Ailsbury; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between Wilhelmina Tanner, Mary Pincelney, Jessie Ellen Sophia Baker, and Beatrice Maud Rathbone.

The will (dated June 27, 1899) of Mr. Henry Edward Chetwynd-Stapylton, J.P., of 72, Warwick Square, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on March 1 by Henry

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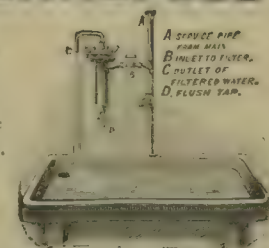
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supply sufficient water for all household requirements." These Berkefeld Filters afford complete protection against  
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Ostrich Feather Fan, 12 in. long. Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd qual. £2 2s. White on Pearl, £5 5s. " " £4 4s. Natural on Shell, £4 4s. " " £3 3s. Superior Fans up to £3 9s. 6d. Marabout Monarch Fans, £7 15s. 4 1/2 in. £2 11s.

Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd qual. £2 2s. White on Pearl, £5 5s. " " £4 4s. Natural on Shell, £4 4s. " " £3 3s. Superior Fans up to £3 9s. 6d. Marabout Monarch Fans, £7 15s. 4 1/2 in. £2 11s.

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USERS SAY THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN SIX MONTHS.  
Every "Alfa-Laval" is Guaranteed to perfectly separate the quantity stated, and require  
**LESS POWER TO WORK** than any other Separator

Over  
400 Medals,  
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HIGHEST CAPACITY COMPATIBLE WITH  
CLEANEST SKIMMING.

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SWEET.  
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2/- Per Bottle. 25/- Per Doz.

THE BEST AND SUREST TONIC PICK-ME-UP,  
Especially after INFLUENZA.

SO PLEASANT TO TAKE.  
SO STRENGTHENING AND NOURISHING FOR THE BODY.  
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have sent unsolicited Testimonials as to the extremely Rejuvenative and Health-giving Properties of  
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THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

Beware of Substitutions.

Sold in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Sole Proprietors: Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The appointment of the Rev. F. J. Chavasse to the see of Liverpool has given the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Chavasse is in the prime of life. He first gained distinction as Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, where his sermons to undergraduates attracted great attention. The students attended in large numbers his Greek Testament classes. In 1889 he became Principal of Wycliffe Hall, then in a very low condition. The Hall began with one student, and for years a mere handful entered. Mr. Chavasse changed all that, and his personal influence has been all along very marked. It is said that no one is oftener consulted by students in difficulty than he. Mr. Chavasse has concentrated all his energies on the duties of his position. He declined a canonry of Exeter, and it is believed that he had the refusal of the Archbishopric of Sydney. There can be no doubt he will take hold of the work in Liverpool with both hands.

The Archbishop of York, it is said, has written to several clergymen in his diocese intimating that, consequent upon

their refusal to obey their Bishop in the matter of the liturgical use of incense, he is unable at present to officiate at any service in their churches. The Rev. E. H. Bryan, of Hensall, who stood out against his Bishop in the matter of incense, has resigned his benefice, which he has held for fourteen years.

The Rev. J. P. F. Davidson, the well-known Vicar of St. Matthias, Earl's Court, has died, after an illness of some fifteen months. He had reached the age of sixty-seven, and his long and influential labour has been well recognised. Mr. Davidson lost, a few years ago, the daughter whose help and companionship made the mainstay of his life, and he scarcely recovered from the blow.

The cry of the curate is again heard in the land. It is said that ninety per cent. of the incumbents will not even correspond with a priest unless he is under thirty-five years of age, and eighty per cent. offer £130 per annum. There are in this country over five hundred priests unable to obtain work as they are over forty. One incumbent takes exception to the married curate, "because the wife

undoubtedly complicates the situation; few parishes are equal to the endurance of two clerical ladies—a more trying phenomenon than two sons in the sky at once."

Bishop Ryle has taken up his residence at Lowestoft, where he has the companionship of his daughter. He has been asked to write the reminiscences of his long career, but, I believe, has not yet consented.

A son of the Bishop of St. Asaph has gone to South Africa with the Duke of Cambridge's Own Imperial Yeomanry.

A Protestant map of England has been published indicating the progress of Protestant organisation in the constituencies. It shows that the work has gone on very rapidly, and that the ground is already well covered. The plan is to form Protestant hundreds and then Protestant thousands in each constituency, so as to organise the Protestant vote with a view to restoring discipline in the Church. It is stated that Nonconformist ministers have taken part in this work.

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### CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

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**DR. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P.**

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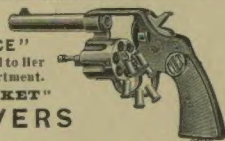
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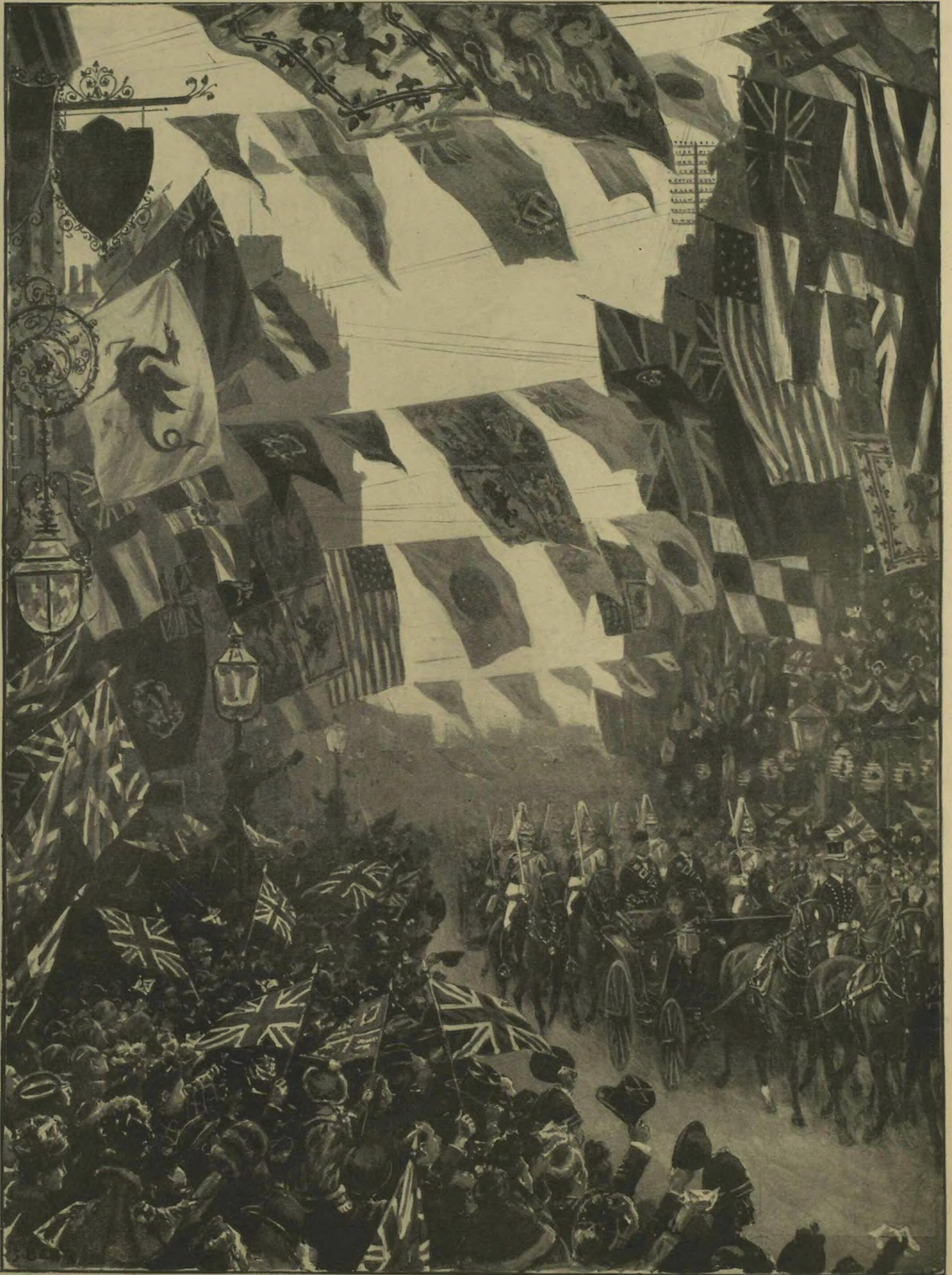
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THE QUEEN-PASSING ALONG HOLBORN.





"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, MARCH 9: SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT A SIGNAL GIVEN BY COLOURED FIRE.

The people formed an irregular sort of ring with banners. One man burnt the light, and the whole crowd joined in "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty appeared at a window.



# THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.

*Photographs by Russell.*



THE CROWD OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE DAY OF THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.